

# WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 32 — VOL. XVII

NEW-YORK SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1805.

NO. 866.

## A COTTAGE TALE.

Even so, a gentle pair,  
By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,  
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,  
In some lone cot, amid the distant woods,  
Sustain'd alone by providential Heav'n,  
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,  
Check their own appetites, and give them all.

THOMSON'S SPRING.

IT was about the middle of September, after a day of parching heat, the evening being cool and agreeable tempted me to fly from the bustle of the streets, and to take a view of the surrounding scenery of London. A number of ideas crowding into my mind, and the delightful calmness of the evening being favorable for reflection, I had wandered a great way from the town before I considered that the night was approaching, and it was time to return. I beheld before me a few straggling cottages at the foot of a hill, which seemed at no great distance; I deliberated a little whether I should proceed to the cottages and stay there all night, or return home. I was yet undetermined, when I beheld a little girl approaching me. I resolved to wait till she came up to me and inquire of her my way. When she came near me, I saw in her face marks of uncommon beauty and sweetness, yet a melancholy languor sat upon her lovely countenance and showed an afflicted heart. I asked how far it was to the cottages at the foot of the hill? "about two miles, Sir," replied she: "how far am I from London then, my dear?" "rather more than three miles, Sir," said she: "and where are you going, my child?" said I: "I am going to London, Sir, with this little parcel for my aunt, and I am much afraid it will be very dark before I get there, but I must just walk as fast as I can, for my aunt will wonder at my being so late; if you are going to yonder cottages, Sir, the nearest way is by the side of the corn field, and the first one you will come to is my father's; you will see him standing at the door, or some of my brothers or sisters, and they will direct you to any of the other cottages you wish to go to." Here she again told me to go by the corn field, then walked away as fast as she could. I stood for some moments after she was gone, in wonder and amazement, yet delighted beyond expression with her interesting countenance and engaging rattle. Ah! thought I, this little girl is a pattern of peace, unsuspecting innocence, and contentment: each morning finds her cheerful and happy, and when the labours of the day are over, the evening is employed in innocent amusements, and night sweetens her pillow for repose. While I indulged these reflections, I drew near the cottage of the little girl, which was delightfully situated on a rising ground; two large trees sheltered it from the keen northern blast, while the woodbine and the rose twined around it: before the door was a green seat, upon which sat the father of the little girl; five children, all of them less than the girl I met in coming, played around him. I stood a moment to observe his countenance, it was dejected and full of care, he leaned his head upon his

hand, and seemed indifferent about every thing that was going on.

He seemed but a middle aged man, yet care and anxiety had wrinkled his brow; but it added an interest to his manly and expressive countenance: I saw one of his little boys, who observing that his father was not attending to him as he used to do, came running up to him and looking wistfully in his face, showed him the plaything he held in his hand, then tried to make him speak, but in vain; his father had been thinking upon some afflicting part of his life; and to see his babe, thus forcing him to be cheerful, ignorant of the cause of his grief, afflicted him still more, so that he was obliged to turn away his face from the child, to hide the starting tear. Alas, thought I, this man must be in great affliction, I should wish much to know his story, but I am afraid it would affect him too much to relate it, therefore I cannot ask him, especially as I am an entire stranger to him, but I will step into his cottage and enquire if I can get a lodging there to night. While I reasoned thus with myself, he had withdrawn from the seat and gone into the house. I followed him immediately, and found him in a neat little apartment, sitting near a large fire, with his eyes gazing intently upon it, endeavoring as it were, to trace in it the persons of those dear friends he was then thinking upon: so deeply was he engaged with these thoughts, that it was a few moments before he perceived me, then starting from his reverie, he fixed a look of surprise and astonishment upon me; inquired of me where I came from, and what chance had directed me to his humble cottage! Pardon my intrusion, said I, I am an inhabitant of London, who was tempted with the uncommon beauty this evening, to take a walk out of town, and having wandered too far to return home to-night, I have taken the liberty of enquiring if I can get a lodging here: "sit down, Sir," said he, "you are welcome to stay with me, provided you can make yourself happy in this cottage, and with my frugal fare, for I must be frugal. I have a large family, and it is my duty to provide for them till such time as they shall be able to provide for themselves; I have just another little girl, older than any of those, but she is at London to-night; though she is but twelve years old, she helps me greatly in the management of the family, and in some measure consoles me for the loss of her amiable mother, as I rejoice to see any of her children that resemble her; yet I am unhappy when I look upon my little innocents, and behold them so soon bereft of an invaluable parent." Here he heaved a deep sigh, and remained for some moments silent; then said, "conversing about my wife, I could spend days, but why do I trouble you with my afflictions; it is growing late, I must order the maid to prepare some supper for us, and afterwards you will retire to rest." When we had finished our simple repast, he seemed again inclined to converse about his misfortunes, which inclination I encouraged. "I see, Sir," said he, "you are affected at my melancholy situation, I will now drop the unpleasant subject, although (if my spirits would allow me,) the relation of

my sad story might not be unuseful to you in future." I again expressed my desire to hear it, if it would not be too painful to him. "Well, Sir," said he, "though it is now late, my children in bed, and it is the only time I can spare for so long and painful a task." Having thus said, he drew his chair nearer mine and thus began.

"I was born in a small village in the west of Scotland, my father was the only son of a wealthy farmer; at his death he got possession of a large fortune, with which he was not satisfied, and he immediately set about encreasing it; for this purpose he purchased some vessels, with which he traded to foreign countries, and in the course of a few years, he had added very considerably to his fortune. In one of his voyages he became acquainted with my mother, who was an English woman, young, beautiful, and accomplished, but without fortune; a matter which one would have thought, and which he soon thought himself, ought to have weighed much more with him. What had attracted them to each other I never could learn, for there was nothing in their habits or dispositions; my mother had a frank ingenious temper, but thoughtless and extravagant in the management of her family affairs; my father's heart was cold and contracted, of a suspicious and distrustful temper, and parsimonious in the extreme: judge then if such an union could be happy, of souls so little in unison with each other. About nine months after my father's marriage, he suffered a great loss at sea, which sunk deeply upon his spirits, and determined him, though very reluctantly, to retire from business to a small paternal estate he had in Scotland. It was now that he felt the want of my mother's fortune, which could have extricated him from this difficulty and set him a-going again upon the same extensive plan; constantly brooding upon this misfortune helped to make his temper much worse, so that my poor mother led a miserable life with him. Sue had two sons to him, of whom I was the eldest, my brother died in infancy. My father had not been married above four years when my mother's health began gradually to decline; the delicacy of her frame could not stand the constant anxiety and misery that depressed her gentle heart, so that the rude blast of misfortune swept her to an untimely tomb.

"My father appeared greatly concerned at her death; he began to pay particular attention to me, but, alas! he only began, for finding in me nothing that he liked, my disposition being like my mother's, he soon neglected me altogether and resumed his usual severity of temper. I now felt myself unhappy in my father's house, and I often wept when thinking of my mother. I did not use to be so treated while she was alive, she was always kind to me cherished me with fondness, all my little anxiety's and cares found a place in her bosom: now I had no parent, I looked around, and saw none that cared for me. I was now about twelve years old. I had learned to read and write; of reading I was particularly fond, though nobody encouraged me in it; I eagerly seized every book I could get hold of: I had read of those who were un-

happy at home, and had left their father's house to seek their fortunes, and who by their good behavior had gained themselves friends and protectors in foreign countries. I was fired at this idea, and resolved to try my fortune on the stage of life.

"Early one morning I set off from my father's house without acquainting any body; I left it with little regret, for I had received such slight marks of my father's affection, that I scarcely felt for him the affection of a child. Before I departed I shed some tears over my mother's grave, I quitted it with reluctance, and as long as the church-yard was in sight, I turned me round to gaze upon the place of her dust. Solitary and sad I pursued my journey, with just as much money in my pocket as would carry me to the first town, where I hoped to find employment. I offered my services to many, but they were always refused, for this reason, that nobody knew me, or would give me a character, and they were not fond of taking an entire stranger into their houses; besides they did not think that I gave any good reason for my being in that helpless condition. However, chance directed me to the dwelling of a worthy man, who, though not in affluent circumstances, his door was never shut against the poor and the wretched; he taught his children, and he himself experienced the numberless blessings which flow from the acts of benevolence;—

(To be Continued.)

### TRIFLES.

#### WASTE OF PUBLIC MONEY.

A lady in the suit of the late royal family in France had 40,000*l.* per annum allowed her for her kitchen. She desired to have some broth in the middle of the day; she was informed it could not be afforded her. And she was obliged to allow 200*l.* a year out of her pocket.

#### WALTER PARSONS.

THIS man was born in Staffordshire, and first apprenticed to a smith, when he was so tall that a hole was made for him in the ground, to stand therein up to the knees, so as to make him adequate with his fellow workmen. He afterwards was porter to King James; because gates being generally higher than the rest of the building, it was proper that the porter should be taller than other persons. He was proportionable in all parts, and had strength equal to his height, valor equal to his strength, and good temper equal to his valor; so that he disdained to do an injury to any single person: he would take two of the tallest yeomen of the guards in his arms at once, and order them as he pleased. He was seven feet six inches in height.

#### A WHIMSICAL DWARF.

THERE was, about forty years ago, a dwarf at the court of Wirtemberg, at the nuptials of the Duke of Bavaria; the little gentleman armed cap-a-pee, girt with a sword, and with a spear in his hand, was put into a pie, that he might not be seen, and the pie set upon the table; when, raising the lid, he stepped out, drew his sword, and, after the manner of a fencer, traversed his ground upon the table, to the equal laughter and diversion of them that were present.

### MONODY.

ON the death of a lovely little girl, about two years old, who, travelling with its mother between Durham and York, played with the handle of the coach door till it had unwittingly opened the latch; when, dreadful to relate! the door opened, and the child fell out. The agonized mother, endeavoring to save it, caught at its petticoate, but failing in the attempt, it was, by that means, drawn back, so as to fall near the wheel, which went over it, fractured its skull, and occasioned its death a few hours afterwards. The unfortunate infant is buried in Easingwold church-yard.

O'ER the new mound that warrants this thy grave,  
A stranger muse, sweet babe! thy fate shall wail—  
Shall add her tribute to the passing gale,  
That plaintive whistles at the yew trees wave:  
And, whilst the moon-beam plays  
Upon the glossy stream,  
Or glimmers thro' the haze,  
Thy artless, fondling ways  
Shall be my theme.

Nurs'd in the bosom of parental love,  
Ah! well I know the joy thy smiles would bring;  
Joy, such as watchful seraphs must approve,  
Joy, which to forfeit, who would be a king;  
And when thy little feet,  
To nature promptly true,  
Firt ran thy sire to meet,  
Oh! how his heart would beat  
With rapture at the view.

Of't had thy tender mother, as she press'd  
Thy supple form in her yet feeble arms,  
To soothe thine infant murmurings to rest,  
Of't had she quieted her fond alarms,  
And hush'd the fears prevailing in her breast;  
By hoping days would come, when she should see  
Her ev'ry care repaid, by grace bestow'd on thee.

Not such the will of heaven, and who shall dare  
Arraign the justice of the power divine?  
Man must of evil many a burthen bear;  
And, hapless mother! great indeed was thine—  
Soon as the promis'd bliss began to dawn,  
Thy hop'd for joy is o'er;  
Soon as thy babe began to lisp and fawn,  
It breathes no more!

Methinks I see its sweetly eager eye,  
Methinks I see its pretty playful hand,  
The intent some gew-gaw to deservy,  
The other stretch'd that gew-gaw to command.  
Around the candle so the insect plays  
With wild surprise,  
Till buzzing near the blaze,  
'Tis caught and dies.

And oh! sweet babe, methinks I see thee fall,  
And almost what thy mother felt, I feel;  
Yet no! that cannot be,  
She bore and nurtur'd thee,  
Thine infant arms did round her neck entwine,  
Therefore her sorrow mine would mock'ry call;  
But that I anguish know,  
Witness this sigh of woe,  
Witness these tears that flow,  
Witness the ardent prayer I send to heaven for mine.†

Full oft shall mem'ry paint the fatal scene,  
And mournful fancy rest upon thy bier;  
And many a father's sigh, and mother's tear,  
And many a pitying child shall linger here  
Each sultry noon;  
And lift its hands, and shake its head,  
And bid its comrades softly tread  
Upon the beautiful baby's bed,  
Who dy'd so soon.

\* The latch of the coach door.  
† The monody is written by a mother.

### EPIGRAM.

WRITTEN BY H. FLETCHER.

GOLD is so ductile, learned Chemists say  
That half an ounce will stretch a wondrous way.  
The metal's base, or else the Chemists err,  
For, now-a-days, our Guineas won't go far!

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

### THE SPECULATIONS OF

TOM FICKLE.

NO. 1.

Varium et mutabile semper.—VIRGIL.

AS it is usual for writers of my description to give some account of themselves in the beginning of their works, it will perhaps be expected by the readers of my Speculations, that I do not deviate from the practice of my predecessors.

From my early years I was always fond of literary pursuits, though unable to confine myself to any particular study; and, before my final determination as to the course of life I meant to pursue, formed many plans for the regulation of my conduct, but before they were ready for execution, generally abandoned them for others, which promised in the end, more advantage.

In this manner I spent several years to little or no purpose; engaged sometimes in one thing, and sometimes in another. After much persuasion, for I had long been teasing him for this permission, I obtained leave of my uncle Simon Steady to settle at the University, where I intended to reside the usual term of time, and pursue some regular course of study. I remained there however without executing my design, and without pursuing any other plan than that which the laws of the institution required; this however, was too contracted, and by no means suited to my disposition. As I was a great admirer of learning, I resolved to follow besides this, one of my own forming, by which means I was in hopes of sooner arriving at the object to which all my wishes were directed. I had no sooner began to put my plan in operation, than my former instability returned, which so incensed me that I was unable to make much progress in any thing; at one time I designed to make myself master of the classics, and commenced the study of the languages with much seeming pleasure and delight: this soon became wearisome, and I took up Euclid, resolving to make myself master of it before I left it: this too I soon relinquished, convinced of the unimportance of mathematical studies, or complaining of want of time to prosecute them to advantage. My next plan was to attend only to the elegant and more polite parts of Literature, Philosophy and Belles-lettres, but sure too I found my resolution unable to fix itself. At length being chagrined at my own want of firmness, I sat myself down to serious and sober reflection, and after some deliberation, concluded to follow the natural bent of my disposition, whether it led me to engage in the study of the languages, in Mathematics or Belles-lettres.

In this way I completed the course of my education, much to my own and the satisfaction of my friends. I am now returned from the university, and come to town with a view of establishing myself in some way, in which my learning may be useful to me; as my uncle says, that having spent so much time in acquiring it, it ought at least to support me, not having yet settled to my satisfaction. In order to rid myself of that load of ennui, which the want of employment for so quick and versatile a genius as mine, must naturally bring on, I have formed the design of publishing these speculations, which should they be approved, will be another inducement for me to persevere in the undertaking.



# The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST 10, 1805.

Report of Deaths in this City, and at Potter's Field from the 27th of July, to the 3d of August.—Casualties 2, consumption 10, convulsions 4, debility 2, dropsy 2, drowned 3, dysentery 3, epilepsy 1, flux 18, hives 2, inflammation of the lungs 2, sprue 3, worms 5—of burn, bursting a blood vessel, fever inflammatory, fever bilious, fever typhus, jaundice, inflammation of the bowels, intemperance, old age, sudden death, suicide by opium, and teething, each one.—Adults 26, children 33—Total 68.

\*Two men killed—one by being thrown from a chaise the other by falling from a scaffold.

The following melancholy accident took place at Charleston, on the morning of the 29th ultimo:—As Mrs. HARRIS, widow of the late Mr. Thomas Harris, of King-street, was passing up Queen-street in a one horse chair, there was a cart, loaded with wood, going the same way; her boy attempted to pass the cart, in doing this the wheel of the chair struck one of the posts placed to guard the pavement, which gave the chair a sudden shock and threw Mrs. Harris out at the opposite side; the instant she fell to the ground, the cart wheel passed over her breast and put an immediate end to her existence.

Mr. JAMES H. HENRY is appointed agent for the U. States of America, in Kingston, (Jam.) in the room of WILLIAM SAVAGE, Esq. resigned.

NEW-LONDON, July 24.

On Monday last, was committed to prison, in this city, William Sill, of Lyme, (north quarter,) for the murder of his father-in-law, captain William Sterling. The following are some particulars of the lamentable affair:

Mr. Sill has for a number of years been troubled with the hypochondria; and in consequence has had frequent recourse to opium, and occasionally to ardent spirits. From the too frequent use of these (it is supposed) he has been subject to delirious turns, for some time past; which generally continue 3 or 4 days. One of these fits, it appears, attacked him on Saturday last; and his wife as she had before done, fled for safety with her children, to her father's—where she calculated to stay till he had recovered his reason. Early on Monday morning, capt. Sterling, partly for the purpose of getting some clothes for the children, and for finding the situation of his son-in-law, went to his house, accompanied by his son, and a neighbor. They found Mr. Sill apparently rational, and in unusual good spirits. Capt. Sterling took a seat directly facing a bed room door; and Sill, soon after, went into the bed-room, but immediately returned to the door with a loaded gun in his hands, which he instantly discharged at Capt. Sterling: the contents lodged in his bosom!—Sill then aimed a blow, with the breech of the gun, at the son of capt. S. but fortunately his arm received it—Sill was then secured.

Mr. Sill is said to be, when enjoying his reason, an excellent citizen—tender and affectionate to his family and connections. No previous threat or intimation of this intention escaped him.

Capt. Sterling was about 67 years old—In him the community has lost one of its most useful members; and a numerous family are left to deplore their untimely loss.

Menabam, July 16.—We have seldom to record a more truly singular and distressing event, of the effect of passion in youth, than the following:—On Friday last, AVERY HARLOW, only 12 years of age, whose parents are called respectable, living in Sharon, had returned from an errand, when his father chastised him in a gentle manner, for his loitering. He was then bid by his father to go with a horse to pasture, about three quarters of a mile distant. As he was going he was heard to say by one of the smaller children, that he never would come home or come back again.—This exclamation was unknown to his parents till he had been gone considerable longer than was necessary to have gone that distance. They were then informed by the child what he had said before he went away. But they, supposing it was a natural fit of obstinacy, and that he meant merely to alarm them, in retaliation for his punishment, did not immediately pursue him. After waiting some time for his return, they went to the pasture, near which he had tied the horse: and near by, horrid to relate! they found their son hanging on a tree, entirely dead? He had pealed with his teeth, a long strip of bark from a hickory, which being at one end too large to tie, he very curiously had made it fast over a limb about 12 feet from the ground, by tying down the end with some smaller pieces. A complete noose was about his neck. His father cut him from the tree, and attempts were made to resuscitate life by a physician, but to no purpose. He was gone, by one rash, inconsiderate act, beyond the reach of all human power—an awful example to all passionate, and disobedient children! The agitation and distress of the parents can better be conceived than described; and their chief consolation must be that of having been faithful in the discharge of their duty in his education. We understand the verdict of the jury is—that he put an end to his own life, through want of reason and reflection, in the heat of passion.

Hudson, July 10.—On Tuesday, as a daughter of the widow Hamlin, of this city, aged about 20, was rinsing clothes in the river, some mischievous boys on the bank threw stones, until one struck on her head, and fractured her skull very badly. The operation of trepanning was performed by Dr. White, and probably she will recover. What renders the accident the more remarkably calamitous, is, a son of Mrs. Hamlin, 13 years old, had his skull beat in by the kick of a horse, between 4 and 5 weeks ago, and the same operation performed on him by Dr. White.

Baltimore, August 5.—Early on Saturday afternoon, a thundergust visited our city. One flash and its accompanying report, was the most severe we ever experienced. In this one explosion, it struck the Presbyterian Meeting house, in East-street; it also struck a house in Cumberland Row, and swept off one side of the fire wall; the damage in both instances were but trifling. We likewise learn, a negro man was killed, who was working on a house, near Charles and Pratt-street.

## LADY D'ARCY.

THIS lady, who resided at Chish in Essex had three suitors who were always quarrelling about her. Upon which she said: "Have patience and I will marry you all." Which she literally did, one after another. Their names were Trenchard, Gage, and Hervey.

## COURT OF HYMEN.

HAPPY youth, such virtue gaining,  
Days of endless joys must know;  
And, each wish in thee obtaining,  
He must taste of heav'n below.

### MARRIED.

At Hanover, Morris County, on Thursday evening, by the Rev. James Richards, Doct. Gideon Humphreys, to Miss Mary Bradley, both of New-York.

In Boston, Mr. Benjamin Parks, printer, to Mrs. Lucy Fisher.

At Colchester, (Con.) Mr. Henry Bull, to Miss Mary F. H. Tillinghast, both of Newport.

In England, the Rev. Thomas Cooke, L. L. D. one of the Bishops of the Methodist Church in the U. States. "Some of the New-England papers have lately published his death instead of marriage."

At Fort Wayne, on the 4th June last, Doctor Abraham Edwards, Surgeon Mate in the Army, to Miss Ruth Hunt, daughter of Col. Thomas Hunt, commander of the 1st. U. States Regiment.

On Saturday the 14th inst. Col. L. vic Lane, of Troy, merchant, to Mrs. Angelica Van Rensselaer, of Claverack.

Same day, at Norwich, (Con.) Mr. Robert Moffit, of Troy, editor of the Northern Budget, to Miss Nancy Young of that city.

### MORTALITY.

WHEN nature sinks exhausted to the Tomb,  
And weeping friends attend th' untimely bier,  
How deeply awful is the cypress gloom;  
How sadly eloquent the pensive tear.

### DIED.

On Saturday last, at Lakes-Tower, Bloomingdale road, of a consumption, Mrs. Elizabeth Evans, wife of Mr. Henry Evans, both natives of England.

On Saturday, after a painful illness, Mrs. Aletha Sickels, wife of John H. Sickels.

Lately, at St. Thomas, Mr. Zephaniah C. Platt, of the house of Kane and Platt, merchants of this city.

At Providence, (R. I.) Mrs. Julia Martin, wife of Mr. John D. Martin, merchant, formerly of this city.

At Newport, in the 73d year of his age, after a long indisposition, the Hon. Paul Munford, Esq. Lieutenant Governor of the state of Rhode Island.

Same place, Hon. Joseph Wiseman, his Catholic Majesty's Vice Consul for the state of Rhode Island.

At Troy, on Monday the 23d ult. Miss Frances Stevenson, sister to the wife of Hugh Peebles, Esq. Cashier of the Farmer's Bank; and on Wednesday following, her body, attended by a numerous concourse of people from the villages of Troy, Lansingburgh and waterford, was conveyed to, and interred in the family vault, belonging to the country residence of Mr. Peebles, in the town of Halfmoon.

### BOOKS & STATIONARY

of every description.

History, Divinity, Miscellany, Novels, Romances, Architecture, Arithmetic, Geography, Navigation, &c. &c.

Writing Paper, Quills, Ink-Powder, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Ink-Stands, Pocket-Books, Slates, Pencils, Pen-knives, &c. &c.

### JUST RECEIVED,

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

A large supply of the best Holland QUILLS, by the thousand, hundred or quarter.

Just received and for sale at this Office,

A large supply of Walkden's best British INK-POWDER.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### POVERTY.

OH Poverty! thou hag forlorn!

Whence in the name of wonder didst thou come?  
Of what curs'd monster wast thou born?  
What impious frolic made this earth thy home?

Thou such an hedious scare-crow art,

Man, at the name of thee, a panic feels;  
Thinks thee at hand, and runs,—my heart!  
Like folks with a mad bullock at their heels.

The mere perchance of meeting thee

Has sent to bedlam many and many a one:  
Some e'en to Death's embrace will flee,  
Thy hated hug, O Poverty! to shun.

Ay! scores, (as all the world doth know),

Midst coffers full of gold, to feast their eyes on,  
(Their brains by thee are both'd so)  
Have flown to razors, ropes, and eke to poison.

Yet though so comical a creature,

Thou and poor I have liv'd so long together,  
That, Dame, to me thy ev'ry feature  
Is grown familiar—not admir'd much neither.

There are that preach about thy uses,

That hold thee up to view as Beauty's queen;  
But, for his own part, seldom one sees  
Aught in thee so desirable, I ween.

Yet, if there should be one, which much I doubt,  
Thinks thee so pretty, pr'ythee tuck about,  
As soon as may be, and go find him out.

W. B.

### THE CLOWN & THE DOCTOR.

A Clown once in college stood gaping and mute,  
To hear learned doctors in *latin* dispute:  
Says a doctor "what means that illiterate fool?  
Can he pleasure find in debates of our school?  
Or all he has heard not a word can he tell,  
N—guess to which party the victory fell."  
"No, no," says the rustic, "I an't a fool neither;  
When I heard you wise men talk in *latin* together,  
I only observ'd which had most moderation,  
And which of the parties seem'd most in a passion.  
Soon as I saw you, sir, fall into a heat,  
There now, honest friend, said I, you are beat.  
Men reason with temper; the party that winces,  
Confesses how sorely the argument pinches.

### REGNIER'S EPITAPH,

Written by himself.

GAILY I seal'd the hill of Life,  
Nor e'er did cloud of care or strife  
The smiling prospects dim.  
As thus I journey'd, careless, free,  
'Tis strange that Death should think of me,  
Who never thought of him!

### ANECDOTE.

A Scotchman and an Irishman were sleeping at an inn together. The weather being warm, the Scotchman in his sleep put his leg out of the bed. A traveler, in passing the room door, saw him in this situation, and having a mind for a frolic, gently fixed a spur upon Sawney's heel, who drawing his leg into the bed, so disturbed Pat, that he exclaimed, "Arrah, my dear honey, have a care your great toe, for you have forgot to cut your nails I believe." The Scotchman being sound asleep, and sometimes perhaps not a little disturbed by other companions, still kept scratching poor Teague, till his patience being quite spent, he succeeded in rousing Sawney, who not a little surprised at finding the spur on his heel, loudly exclaimed, "De'll dam the daff chiel of an ostler, he's ta'en my boots off last night, and left on the spur."

N. SMITH.

Chymical Perfumer from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, (the Golden Rose) No. 114 Broad Way opposite the City Hotel.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Smith's Chymical Abstergent Lotion, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums, warranted.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for traveling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: has not its equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 6s. 8. & 12s. per bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot.

His Supreme white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.

Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. & 8s. per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the Toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circassia Oil, for glossing and keeping the Hair in curl.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

\* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs Supreme white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.  
January 5, 1805. 833. 1y.

### TUITION.

THE subscriber takes the liberty to inform the public, that he has taken that large, airy room over Mr. Townly's church, in Warren-street, lately occupied by Mr. Jacob Ketchell, where he has commenced Teaching. He will teach the English and Latin languages grammatically, together with Book keeping, Surveying, Navigation, Geography, and the use of the Globes, Architecture, Mensuration, &c. &c. His long practice, and the great success he has met with in the line of his profession, of which he has ample testimonials, induces him to flatter himself, he will meet with very liberal patronage.

UZAL W. FREEMAN.

This may certify, that I have been acquainted with Mr. U. W. Freeman for a number of years, and know him to be every way qualified for a teacher; and I do freely and earnestly recommend him to the patronage of all my friends in this city. JACOB KETCHELL.  
July 27, 1805. 864. tf.

### WILLIAM GRIFFITH,

SILK, COTTON, & WOOLEN DYER, & CALICO GLAZIER, No. 56 Beaver-street, four doors from William-street.

Cleans and Dyes all kinds of Silks and Sattins, all kinds of damaged Goods, and finished with neatness: all kinds of gentlemen's Clothes, Silk Stockings and Camelhair Shawls cleaned and calendered. He has also erected a hot Calender. All commands will be thankfully received, executed on the shortest notice, and on the lowest terms. Entrance to the Dyers at the gate.

N. B. Carpets scoured and dyed, Bed furniture cleaned and calendered, and Blankets scoured. Best standing BLUE upon Cotton and Linen; Dyers stuffs for sale.  
June 1, 1805. 856. 1y.

MR. TURNER

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15 Park, to No. 71 Nassau-street—where he practises **PHYSIC**, and the profession of **SURGEON DENTIST**. He fits Artificial Teeth upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of Cleaning the Teeth is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ach, his Tincture has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting carious Teeth upon the most improved **CHIRURGICAL** principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady or Gentleman at their respective houses, or may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau-street, where may be had his **ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER**, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from Chemical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced and assume a firm and natural healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of Tartar, together with decay and tooth-ach prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's Book-Store, No. 64 Maiden-Lane.  
July 13, 1805. 826. tf.

### PLEASE TO TAKE NOTICE,

THAT the LUMBER INSPECTOR'S Office is removed from No. 30 Beekman-street, to the Superintendent's place of residence, No. 5 Rutgers-street, near Rutgers slip, where attention shall be paid to all applications relative to the Office, as prescribed by law.

JONATHAN COWDREY, Superintendent.  
Aug. 3, 1805. 865. 3t.

### REGISTRY OFFICE FOR SERVANTS.

MICHAEL M'GREANE,

No. 9 Broad-street,

RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he continues to receive commands in that line, from Employers and Servants, which he attends to with the greatest care and punctuality.

A few servants on the books well recommended.  
May 25, 1805. 855. tf.

### FILES OF THE WEEKLY MUSEUM,

NEATLY BOUND,

For some years back, for sale at this Office.

### NOVELS, HISTORY, &c.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE, No. 3 PECK SLIP. Doral, or the Speculator, St. Leon, by Godwin, Amelia, or the Influence of Virtue, Father and Daughter, by Mrs. Opie, Monemia, or the Beggar Girl, Emma Courtney, Romance of the Forest, Gonsalvo, the Spanish Knight, Beggar Boy, 3 vols. Beggar Girl, 3 vols. Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World, What has been, Man of Feeling, Beauties of Goldsmith, Spectator, 8 vols. Rigid Father, or, Paternal Authority too Strictly Enforced, Tale of the Times, 2 vols. Clerimont, 2 vols. Abbess a Romance, 3 vols. Edward, 2 vols. Emilia De Vermont, Vicar of Lansdown, Algerine Captives, 2 vols. Haunted Cavern, Ambrose & Elinor, Louisa, or the Cottage on the Moor, Memoirs of Mrs. Robinson, &c. &c.

ALSO,

An elegant edition of the **DEATH OF ABEL**, in five books, from the German of Gessner, with a beautiful likeness of the Author.

### NEW-YORK:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR, No. 3 PECK-SLIP.  
One Dollar and Fifty Cents, per annum.